

A TRIP to the D---l's Summer-House:

O R, A

Journey to the WELLS: With the Old Preaching Quaker's, SERMON to the London-Mobb.

When the Spring of the Year had arriv'd at its Prime,
When inanimate Bodies had Drest themselves Fine;
When Nature had put off her Winterly Shroud,
Took delight in her self, and began to grow Proud;
When the Lusts of the Flesh, and the heat of the Weather,
Sends Men into Hospitals, whole Drowes together;
When Satan has so the Poor Females possess,
That the Women believe 'tis a Sin to be Chaste;
When th' Immoderate Season of Summer was come,
Diseasing Old Men, and Distracting the Young,
My Fancy one Morning began to Preamble,
I found my self rarely dispos'd for a Ramble;
I consider'd for some time which way to Repair,
And at last I concluded, and Pitch'd on the Fair;
That Harbour of Vice for Young Sinners to Steer-in,
Set apart by the D---l for Lying and Swearing.
In order for Journey I Hurry'd along,
As far as St. Giles in the Feilds, whereupon
I was thinking to shorten my way, and so I crost
To an Alley, and there I made shift to be lost;
I blunder'd thro' the D---l's, but could not call where,
But this I can tell, thro' a great deal of Mire,
As if in the Dirt I wou'd take my Degrees,
I was first to the Ankles, then up to the Knees:
Withall such a Poysonous stink did infect-me,
Add to this my Concern, 'twas enough to distract me:
But still I continu'd, and kept on my Course,
For what need I fear when I could not be worse,
At last 'twas my Fortune to come to a Lane,
That brought me direct to the Haven of Sin.

The First that came by was a Feminine Croud,
Indifferent Handsome, but Damnable Proud.
Great Ladies Attended, and such sort of Creatures,
Who, like all their Sex, are subdu'd by their Natures,
A pack of Incieing Intemperate Jades,
Who think 'tis a shame to be Twenty and Maids;
They were Nicely Tack'd up, and Bedeck'd I'll assure ye,
Not a Hair on their Heads, but was Fram'd to allure ye:
Perfum'd with an Air they design'd, I suppose,
To Trap all the Fools that they met, by the Nose:
The Scent was so strong, that a Man I'll declare,
Might have followed the W---s, as the Dog does a Hare.
They Tript it with Motion as light as a Feather,
Their Heads and their Heels went exactly together;
Not Bending too Forwards nor Backwards too much,
Since either extreme wou'd produce a Reproach.

Then Follow'd a luggish Assembly of Drones,
A Scarrilous Issue call'd Gentlemen Sons;
Who live on the Fat of the Land, and Devour
Whatsoever is got by the Sweat of the Poor.

That follows Examples of being profuse,
And thinks 'tis a Vertue, because 'tis an Use;
Debauching themselves while their Youth is but Green,
And Scorns to be Chaste, after Age of Fifteen;
When grown to be Men they are worse than before,
Their Sins being harden'd, their Crimes are the more,
They wallow in Wickedness, swim in Excess,
Drowns the Reason of Man in the Torrent of Vice;
So given to Dream and to Doat upon Women,
It makes 'em not only Unchast, but Inhumane;
So hot are their Burning Desires so unjust,
They wou'd Murder a Man to make way for their Lust;
Defend a wrong Cause to the best of their Pow'r,
And Martyr themselves for the Name of a Whore.
Correction to them is like Pain to a Feature,
'I will alter the Colour, but never the Nature;
For tho' they may seem to approve Reformation.
'Tis either for Interest, or else for the Fashion:
They go to the Church to inspect what's a doing,
To See and be seen, is the end of their going.
They'll squint at the Parson, and spit at each Sentence
That does but so much as Conjecture Repentance.
Thus they spin out the Thread of a Troublesome Life,
As if they were going to Hell in a strife;
At Tavern all Day, and to Play House all Night,
To all sorts of Fairs that can yield 'em Delight;
Living like Epicurus tell Death proves prevalent,
And calls 'em to give an Account of their Talent.

As soon as this Lew'd Congregation was past,
I pluck'd up my Heels, and I follow'd Post hall,
Arriv'd at the Fair, where the first thing I spy'd,
Was a Hole like a Hogsty that stood on one side;
I was given to know, by an Implicit Notion,
'Twas a Temple that Fortune had Built for Devotion.
The Gaming Proficients was busie as Bees
A purging the Pockets of Fools by degrees;
The Sots that was into their Company led,
Sat laying of Wagers and Scratching their heads:
Some Whining for Luck, some Lamenting their Case;
Some Swearing the D---l had Conjur'd the Dice:
Some Winnets a Health to Dame Fortune was Drinking,
And some that had Lost all, was D---ing and Sinking.

I left 'em despatching to pass further on.
And as I was making my way thro' the Throng,
Sir, says one, here's an Ape that will please you I'm cer-
He Dances so rarely, so nice, so diverting;
(tain,
That all that has seen him his Praises redoubles,
He's the common Discourse of the Mob and the Nobles.
He Cuts you a Caper three Foot from the Ground,
And Dances expertly the whole Chebire round.

I stood all the while like a Man that admir'd,
And seem'd to be taken with what I had heard
But though I cou'd hardly from Laughing escap
To hear how the *Monkey* commended the *Ape*;
However to pleasure the Coxcomb, I enter'd,
And into Kennel my Carcase I ventur'd;
Where a noisic Society Crowded the Room,
Beaus, Blockheads and all came to see a Babo
I Glutted my Eyes with a narrow Inspection,
And out again went to behold a Transaction,
Besall'n in the Rabble. The sum of which St
Is here in it's order inserted, before ye.

A Rev'rend Quaker that had been out of Town
And came thro' the *Fair* in his Journey t'wards Home,
In a Sanctify'd posture he sat on his Steed,
And look't like the Picture of Ven'erable *Bede*;
His Hat was so broad it would keep 'till maintain,
Not only his Head but his Horse from the Rain.
The days of Years had so infeebl'd his strength,
His Beard and his Neckcloth was both of a length,
No more was he mov'd at the Tumult and Noise,
Then a Statue of Stone, at the shouting of Boys.
He came to a Place which the Mob did Protect,
And made all the Passengers show 'em Respect;
They call'd to the Quaker to pull of his Hat,
In Token of Love to the *Queen* and the *State*.
Not he (Absolutely) he sat like a Man
That was going to Die, or like one in a Dream;
The Vulgar begun by the Garments to shake him,
And swore by the L—— if he wou'd not they'd make
The Hubbub created a great deal of *Laughter*, (him)
But still he remain'd like a *Sheep* for the *Slaughter*;
His Horse seem'd concern'd at the Fatal Disaster,
As if he had borrow'd his Looks from his Master:
So Serious a Frame was his Countenance set in;
I'm apt to believe he was Fowl'd at the Meeting.
But to turn to the Story, the Mob grew so Rude,
So jumbld my Friend in the midst of the Crowd;
Continuing still to deny their Desire,
They tumbled both him and the Colt in the Mire;
I wonder that People shou'd be so uncivil,
They made him as Dirty and Black as the D——.
His Horse was as bad, as I hope to be Bless'd,
One could hardly distinguish the Man from the Beast;
Then Riles the Quaker, Inspir'd with a Rapture,
And throws at his Foes a whole Mouthful of Scripture.
Oh when shall the Wicked their Punishment find,
And when shall their Wickedness come to an end.
He spoke much of who should the Kingdom inherit,
Twast thought the Old Rogue was possit with a Spirit.
He rail'd against Churchmen, but highly extoll'd,
His Friends whom he there call'd the sheep of his Fold:
He plac'd them in Heaven, and yet could not spare,
One Inch of the Place for the Goats in the *Fair*.
But seeing his Gospel found no Acceptation,
He begins with his Horse to remove from that station.
Crops out of the Crowd from the midst of his Foes,
Then presently shakes off the Dust from his Shoes.
This, says he, *is a Witness your being abus'd,*
Your Stoning the Prophet, and Scorning the Word.
It Vext me to see an Old Logger-Head Doat,
He'd more need have shaken the Dirt off his Coat,

if him and came where a Man and his Bride,
th *Lazarus*'s Poorneis, and *Eusebius* Pridge,
s going along with strong Liquor well loaded,
d Huffing the Tumult because they were Crowded.
nor had they gone far till they met in their way,
couple as Proud and as Ragged as they:
driving for th' Wall with a bent Resolution,
re happen'd amongst 'em a horrid Confusion.
Women as void of good manners as Riches,
place themselves under the Title of *Bitches*,
the Men who was Drunk, and as Dirty as Hogs,
be even with their Wives call'd one another *Dogs*.
Oh what a Noise and a Rout was between 'em,
A Man at Deaths Door wou'd have Laugh'd to've seen
They scolded and talk of the Law and Enditing, 'em.
The Bitches Bark'd on, but the Dogs went to Fighting;
And they Answer'd the Name of a Dog in the close.
For the Weapons they us'd was their Teeth and their
As soon as the Women had weary'd their Tongues (Paws).
Then Blows were Elected to reconcile Wrongs;
They call'd themselves Bitches and such sort of Brats,
But truly they Fought like a couple of Cats;
For never such scratching did Mortal behold,
No Tygers more fiercer, nor Dragon more bold;
However at last they began to Dissat,
But seem'd to be rather Fatigu'd than Content.
I enter'd the Village, and came to a Room,
That was all in a Swat with a smoaky Perfume,
Where *Robin* and *Easter* was always embracing;
For my part I thought they wou'd neer have done Kissing
He hung by her Neck his dear *Darling* he Vow'd her,
There he slaver'd and suckt like a Call as a Ladder,
When the Women with had gluttered the Fools,
They all fell a Roaring like so many Bulls;
Here bring us some Meat, or we'll starve no longer;
What a Plague we are ready in Famish with Hunger:
'Tis ready e're this, or some of us chawt is in it;
The Drawer replies *Sirs twill come in a minute;*
Then each draws a Gun, Last twelve Inches at least,
A Weapon more fit for a Fight than a Feast;
And up comes poor *Jack* in a moment of time,
And brought a whole dishful of Pork for the Swine;
'Twas scarcely well plac'd on the Table with Care,
But every Man was Contending for share:
Confound you, says one, *ye Great Cur you'll provoke me,*
Will you never have done with your Cursing, Plague Chook?
You be Hang'd, says the other, *What is there nix Room?*
So then the Complainer begins to fall on,
With a decent Deportment as Man could well wish,
One Hand at the Mouth, and th' other at Dish;
They grumbld as long as there was ought to share on,
Like my Lord-Mayors Dogs o'er a Morrel of Garrison.
Here's one was a Bawling, *You've taken my Piece,*
Another was up to the Knuckles in Grease:
A third had but just Cut a bit of the Lean,
The rest was all gone, what a Pox did they mean?
With Chawing and Talking, Faming and Frothing,
They gave me a Dinner, and yet I Eat nothing:
But this was the best, when they'd swallow'd their Food;
They sniff'd up their Noles, and then *twas* not good.
No, Rot it, says one *it was scumblenough*.
Another cries out that it was not enough;
How-

Howe'er they could to reflect in that sort,
 And seek for a Fidler to make 'em some sport;
 Then presently up came a poor ragged Fellow,
 Who reckon'd himself to be Son of *Apollo*;
 He struck up his Notes like a courageous Man,
 So now was the time that Diversion began:
 The first of this Country Breed that came on,
 In order for Dancing was *Roger and Joan*;
 The latter of which I must needs Paraphrase
 A little upon her, by way of her Praise.
 Kind Nature so nicely the Artist had play'd,
 The Hair of her Eye-Brows, and that of her Head,
 Had drawn up their growths to so little a distance,
 As if they were mindful to scrape an Acquaintance:
 Her Nostrils I found was not troubl'd with stopping,
 A juicy Elixir was always dropping;
 Her Mouth always open, as if it was willing
 To be a Gally-Pot for her Nose to distill in:
 Her Tongue was so short, one could scarcely distinguish,
 By her Speech, what she was, whether *Grecian* or *English*
 Her Chin was in length about four Inches long,
 I suppose to supply the defects of her Tongue;
 Her Breasts was as white as the Sole of my Shoe,
 Without all Dispute she was cleanly below;
 Her Visage was large, and her Stature was tall;
 And yet notwithstanding her Waste was so small,
 To speak the plain Truth; 'tis below me to Flout her,
 A string of three yards wou'd a gone 'twice about her:
 However this Beauty was brought to the Floor,
 In order to Dance as I told ye before;
 And had *Heracitus* been living and there,
 I am sure he could not in this Laughing to bear;
 She took not the Dancing-School-method, not the
 To Skip; and to Frisk, and to bend with the Knee.
 Oh she was more steadfast, she hated to sham,
 Her Skipplings and Motions was one and the same;
 She minded not how the Musician did strike,
 Change Notes, or change Tunes, she was always a like.
 The Fidler struck up the Conclusion, but *Joan*
 Had not done with her dance, tho' he'd done with his tune
 Her Skill was so good (one wou'd scarcely believe it)
 She danc'd full as well without Musick as with it;
 Till quite fatigued with Skipping about,
 They paid the poor Scrapper, and bid him turn out.
 So when they began to be seemingly dull,
 And silent like Hogs, when their Bellies are full:
 But Silence made way for another Discourse;
 The Substance of which I will briefly rehearse.

Two Critical Sophisters sat at a Table;
 Directly opposing this rustical Rabble:
 Whose Aspects (and Habits so much out of Fashion)
 Bespoke 'em the Converts of *Calvin's* Perswasion:
 They were mighty Devout, at the Government railing,
 That here was a Fault in't, and there was a Failing.
 Reflecting on Heroes promoted to Honour,
 And lasting Ecclesiastical manner.
 The Church is a going to swallow down Popry
 I've Bells at her Altars, and such sort of Popry,
 Here's Good-Friday's, Birth-Days, and such things kept holy,
 As first introduc'd by a Heathenish Folly,
 Here's Oxford and Cambridge are National Stuices,
 Lets into Divinity Popish Abuses.

In Churches they Pictures and Images raise,
 There was none of these doings in Oliver's Days.

Then up starts a Plowman as Bold as a Lion,
 And stretches his Throat in Defence of our *Sion*,
 Says he, You're a couple of pitiful Fellows,
 And deserve not so Noble a Death as the Gallows.
 You're Sons of Ingratitude, Children of Spleen.
 You're our Churches, you rail at my Queen.
 You banter the Nation? — Ad Rat ye come out.
 I'll make you to swallow these Words down your Throat,
 Both you and your Sect are the Governments Leets,
 You'd Ruin the Realm for a Two Penny Piece.
 Discontent has been ever your Fathers Corruption,
 So th' Venom remains in the Sons by Adoption:
 Who still are Subjected to Envious Railing,
 And as for Old Oliver, he was a Villain;
 For all he usurp'd such a Petulant Power.
 I say the Old Knave was a Son of W——

The Rogues in those Days did a Brewer Exalt.
 He fit for a Monarch! — He fit to Drain Malt!
 A delicate Fellow to bear such Command,
 He fit for a Scotter! — He fit to be Hang'd!
 A Tyrant, and all that Assisted to Raise him,
 Were Traitors, and you are no better than Praise him.
 Pray who was it brought the Distress on this Nation;
 Who made the Attempt on that Royal Invasion?
 Who banish'd the Issue, and Murder'd the Father?
 'Twas him and the Pope and the Devil together.

Then, says the Dissenter, I wish you'd be easie.
 I'm sorry that what I have said shou'd displease ye,
 But as for my Branding the Church with Delusion,
 I'm sorry again 'tis a Mass of Confusion.

I'll show you Verbatim, where 'tis Faulty,
 The dangerous Errors whereof it is Guilty.
 Your Bowing to th' Altar, is rank Superstition,
 A Continuation of Popish Tradition.
 Your Crosses in Baptism, God Father binding
 Is all insignificant, not worth your minding.
 The Organs instead of Devotion advancing,
 Serves only to set Peoples Humours a Dancing.
 The Surplice Corrupts the poor Maids at their Hearts,
 It makes them to think upon Men in their Shirts.
 And as for the Convert's your blest Prayers makes,
 The best of your Church are a parcel of Rakes.
 As I hope to be sav'd they are so Prophane,
 So given to swear, by my Soul 'tis a Shame.

Well, this is a Man, says the Plowman, worth bearing,
 He swears a great Oath we are given to Swearing:
 But now you have ended, I hope, as 'tis fitting,
 You'll cease till I draw ye a Draught of the Meeting.
 I scorn to reflect, or reproach you with Lies;
 I'll only repeat what I saw with my Eyes.
 For being in London, that Harbour of Permin,
 One Sunday I went in quest of a Sermon.
 Designing the Church for my Refuge that Day,
 But dropt in a Puritans Cell by the way,
 Where a canting Concourse of irreverent Sinners,
 Were sitting without either Motion or Manners.
 Here one in a Corner was plac'd very close,
 A pulling his Hat o'er his Eyes and his Nose;
 Another lewd Hypocrite seated apart,
 With a Saint in his Look, and a Satan in's Heart.

By and by came a Man with a Cloak on his Back,
 A Book in his Hand, and a Band round his Neck,
 Went creeping along like a poor helpless Creature,
 Arrested by all the Diseases in Nature.
 He Hops to the Pulpit as fast as he cou'd,
 And scarce had he got to that Houel of Wood,
 Before Master Clericus clear'd up his Throat,
 And presently set 'em a Psalm to Chant out.
 They all fell a Singing some Treble some Base,
 As if they were Humming of Old Chivy-Chase.
 Their Concordeing Voices so Harmonious were,
 'Twas enough to've Ravish'd a Hedge-Hog I'll swear.
 As soon as the Choristers made a Conclussion,
 The Preacher starts up with a Calvins Commission.
 He wrinkled his Forehead, he lean'd on his Book,
 And shew'd us how much like an Ass he cou'd look.
 Transforming his Aspect with Ideots Frenzies,
 As if God Almightie was Pleasur'd with Whimsies's
 As if the Eternal Creator of Man,
 Took Pleasure in seeing Men alter his Frame:
 He seem'd to make Apish Behaviour a Rule,
 He appear'd in his Prayer so much of a Fool;
 So much of a Mimick, (to speak without Fearing,
 He'd make a rare Barthlomew-Fair Pickle-Herridge
 His Prologue was tedious, and yet the
 Concluded invoking without Pater-Noster.
 Being past one good Duty he went to the next,
 (Having Grumbled a Prayer) to Grope out a Text.
 In the Fourth of Malachi, the first of those Verses,
 And there a long Catalogue of Judgment Rebukes,
 From the Words and their Meaning, he took an Octave
 To Preach to his Auditors Death and Damnation.
 He began the inevitable Doom to denounce,
 And sent a whole Heap to the Devil at once.
 The Hypocrite Men with a fair out-side shell,
 He bid 'em go take up their Lodging in Hell.
 The next that he threw into Lucifers Scoops,
 Was a Bundle of Whores, and a Mouthful of Popes.
 I laugh in my self till it tickl'd my sides,
 To see the Old Women a shaking their Heads,
 To see the Old Sinners Confusedly stand,
 When the Preacher avoucht that the Whores wou'd be Damn'd,
 The Heart of the Prophet was so set in ire,
 His Lips spoke of nothing but Brimstone and Fire:
 I turn'd my self round and began to march out,
 For I never lov'd Doctrine so Sulphureous hot.
 Well, says the Dissenter, I take no Regard,
 You may certainly one Day expect your Rewards,
 I leave it to him that can Censure you best,
 You've rail'd at the Prophet and People of Christ.
 Upbraiding the Church with the Name of a Cuck,
 And speaking those things that became ye not well.
 Yet this I will say in Defence of our Church,
 It is not your Steeple, it is not your Porch,
 That makes yours a Temple, nor looking so comely,
 A Church is a Church, tho' it is never so homely.
 And then to Attest it, and show his self Learned,
 He fetches Quotations from Austin and Bernard,
 Then on went the Plowman as fierce as Achillis,
 And Buffets him out of Sententia Plurilis,
 (Poor Plowman) his Brains, by the Heat of the Weather,
 Were apt to make Latin and Nonfence together.

To the Fathers for Proof he would willingly go,
 But Grammarian Wings could not bear him so high.
 The other Battalion for action prepares,
 Yet gave him sharp words as he went down the Stairs.
 The Plowman could hardly from Fighting desist,
 He would needs make his Arguments good with his Fist;
 By many persuasions the Blows were Diverted,
 The Clamour Concluded, the Company Parted.

Having seen all this Tumult, I call'd to the Drawer,
 To give me a faithful Account of my Score:
 He told me, and when I had paid him his due,
 I left the House (just as I found it) a Stew.
 I ventur'd my Carkas once more in the Crowd,
 And was horribly squer'd with a Reprobate Brood
 Of Soldiers, whose Mores, it is not mistaken,
 Is steeper than em, the Servants of Satan.
 I durst not look up at the Andrews and Block-heads,
 My Eyes was to busily fixt on my Pockets.
 Yet heard 'em Bawl unto the People that Sinning,
 Deluding and Cheating was just a beginning;
 There was Whore to be let Cheap enough in all realon;
 A Man might have hir'd 'em for Six pence a dozen;
 Or have bought for a Noble a Score on a bear,
 The Bitches might well be accounted Dog cheap.

When I got from the Mob, it began to grow dark,
 So I came with all speed to St. James's Park;
 Being Hungry (and hasty to get a Remedy)
 I walk't till I o'er took a Beau and his Lady.
 Excuse me, and take it to be no Abrupton;
 If here I present you his Beauphips Discription:
 He look't at a distance a terrible Hero.

And when I came nigh I protest he was like one,
 His Wig was so monstrous, I vow it wou'd fright one.
 It was made like a Swaddling Cloth for a Horle,
 Not only to cover his Neck but his Arse;
 It reach'd from his Head very nigh to his Garter;
 'Twas a good handsome Load for an ordinary Porter:
 The Powder on his Garment was harbour'd so thick,
 That if it shou'd Rain, 'twou'd make Dough on his Back.
 He pluckt up his Pedestals quick as a Rappet,
 And strutted along like a Barthlomew Poppet.
 His Delight was to Dance, you might tell by his tread
 That he carry'd more Wit in his Heels than his Head.
 His Stature was large, yet his Sword was so short,
 He resolves when he Fights he'll do no Body hurt:
 I perceiv'd by the Hilt 'twas not prone to Abuse;
 For 'twas Rusty, — a sign 'twas seldom in use.
 His Legs was as thick (if I censure not wrong)
 As a Constables Staff, and almost quite as long.
 His Tongue never ceas'd, for his Humours is such,
 He thinks he talks well; if he does but talk much.
 Still Chawing of something to Sweeten his Breath;
 And always a Grinning and showing his Teeth,
 With such sort of Frenzies, which serv'd to explain
 That the Coxcomb was more of a Monkey than Man.
 A fine Painted Snuff-Box his Idol was made;
 Deprive him of that, you'd as good take his Head.
 'Tis Snuff, he supposes, his Briskness maintains,
 Some think that it causes Defects in the Veins;
 And I'm of Opinion it eat up his Brains.

F I N I S

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